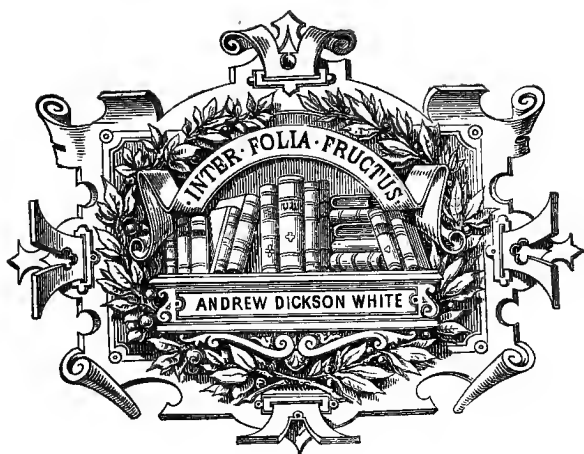


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Chorales as sung in Harrow School.



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CHORALES

AS SUNG IN

HARROW SCHOOL.

HARROW:

J. C. WILBEE, BOOKSELLER TO HARROW SCHOOL.

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AS SUNG IN

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HARROW:

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1. O GOD ! our Father far above,
 We praise Thy Name for all the love
 Thou in Thy Son dost give us ;
In Him are we made one with Thee,
Our Brother and our Friend is He ;
Should aught affright or grieve us ?
He is Greatest, Best, and Highest,
 Ever nighest
 To the weakest ;
Fear no foes, if Him thou seekest !

O praise to Him Who came to save,
Who conquer'd death and burst the grave !
Each day new praise resoundeth
To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,
The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,
Whose grace for aye aboundeth !
Sing, ye Heavens ! Tell the story
 Of His Glory,
 Till His praises
Flood with light earth's darkest places !

Thou here our Comfort, there our Crown,
Thou King of Heaven ! Who camest down
To dwell as man beside us,
Our heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er ;
If Thou art mine, I ask no more,
Be wealth or fame denied me ;
Thee we follow ; none who proves Thee,
None who loves Thee,
Finds Thee fail him ;
Lord of Life, Thy powers avail him !

2.

NOW woods their rest are keeping,
 Men, cattle, fields are sleeping,
 The whole world lies in sleep :
 But, O my soul, awaken,
 Take heed, with faith unshaken,
 Thy great Creator's will to keep.

Now day is past and ended,
 And golden stars ascended
 Shine forth in yon blue dome :
 E'en so shall I, uprisen
 From out of earth's sad prison, '
 At last hear God's voice call me home.

My eyes are drooping slowly,
 And soon will close them wholly ;
 Where shall the soul then dwell ?
 Do Thou, O God, receive it,
 Of all misdeeds relieve it,
 Thou light and ward of Israel !

Breathe, loved ones, peace and blessing ;
 Mischance or aught distressing
 Shall not come nigh your head :
 Rest, loved ones, sweetly sleeping ;
 God's hosts their guard are keeping,
 And golden arms watch round your bed.

3.

HARK ! a Voice saith, All are mortal,
 Yea, all flesh must fade as grass ;
 Only through Death's gloomy portal
 To a better life ye pass ;
 And this body formed of clay
 Here must languish and decay,
 Ere it rise in glorious might,
 Fit to dwell with Saints in light.

There is joy beyond our telling
 Where so many Saints are gone ;
 Thousand thousands there are dwelling,
 Worshipping before the Throne :
 There the Seraphim on high
 Brightly shine, and ever cry
 " Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord !
 " Three in One for aye adored ! "

4. ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices :
 " Christ is born ! " their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing !
 Hark ! a Voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat,
 " Flee from woe and danger ;
 Brethren, come ! from all doth grieve you
 You are freed ;
 All you need
 I will surely give you ! "
 Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder ;
 Love Him Who with love is yearning ;
 Hail the star
 That from afar
 Bright with hope is burning !
-

5. HELP us, O Lord ! behold we enter
 Upon another Year to-day ;
 In Thee our hopes and thoughts now centre,
 Renew our courage for the way :
 New life, new strength, new happiness,
 We ask of Thee : O hear, and bless !
 O God, be with us and direct us ;
 O God, our plans and hopes inspire ;
 O God, from thoughts of sin protect us ;
 O God, be all our heart's desire ;
 O God, be in our thoughts each day,
 Nor suffer us to fall away !
 And grant us, when the Year is over,
 Its latest hour in peace may close ;
 In all things care for us, and cover
 Our head in time of fear and woes !
 So may we, when our years are gone,
 Appear with joy before Thy Throne !

6. **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang Creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's Birth :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !
- Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Round you shines the heavenly light :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !
- Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear :
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King !
-

7. **N**OT in anger, mighty God,
 Not in anger smite us ;
 We must perish if Thy rod
 Justly should requite us :
 We are nought ;
 Sin hath brought,
 Lord, Thy wrath upon us ;
 Yet have mercy on us !
- Show me now a Father's love,
 And His tender patience ;
 Heal my wounded soul, remove
 These two sore temptations :
 I am weak ;
 Father, speak
 Thou of peace and gladness ;
 Comfort Thou my sadness !
- Father, hymns to Thee we raise,
 Here and once in Heaven ;
 And the Son and Spirit praise,
 Who our bonds have riven :
 Evermore
 We adore
 Thee, Whose grace hath stirred us,
 And Whose pity heard us !

8. IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
 And hope in Him through all thy ways,
 He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
 And bear thee through the evil days :
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love
 Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

Only be still, and wait His leisure
 In cheerful hope, with heart content
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
 And all foreseeing love hath sent ;
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
 To Him Who chose us for His own.
 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving ;
 So do thine own part faithfully,
 And trust His Word ; thou undeserving,
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee :
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

9. WHO are these, like Stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who stand ?
 Each a golden crown is wearing—
 Who are all this glorious band ?
 Alleluia ! Hark, they sing,
 Praising loud their Heavenly King !
 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
 Clothed in God's own righteousness ;
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness
 Shall their lustre still possess,
 Still untouched by time's rude hand ?
 Whence come all this glorious band ?
 These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng :
 These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
 These are they whose hearts were riven,
 Oft with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified :
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more !

10. A SAFE Stronghold our God is still,
 A trusty Shield and Weapon;
 He'll help us clear from all the ill
 That our days shall happen.
 The ancient Prince of Hell
 Hath risen with purpose fell;
 Strong mail of craft and power
 He weareth in this hour;
 On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
 Full soon we were down-ridden;
 But for us fights the proper Man,
 Whom God Himself hath bidden.
 Ask ye, Who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is His Name,
 The Lord Zehaoth's Son;
 He, and no other one,
 Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore;
 Not they can overpower us.
 And let the Prince of Ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit:
 For why? His doom is writ;
 A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger,
 But, spite of Hell, shall have its course;
 'Tis written by His finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honour, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small;
 These things shall vanish all,
 The City of God remaineth!

11. **H**OW brightly beams the Morning Star;
 What sudden radiance from afar
 Doth glad us with its shining !
 Brightness of God, that breaks our night
 And fills the darkened souls with light
 Who long for truth were pining !
 Thy word, Jesu,
 Inly feeds us,
 Rightly leads us,
 Life bestowing :
 Praise, O praise such love o'erflowing !

Thou here my Comfort, there my Crown,
 Thou King of Heaven, Who camest down
 To dwell as man beside me,
 My heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er ;
 If Thou art mine, I ask no more,
 Be wealth or fame denied me :
 Thee I seek now ;
 None who proves Thee,
 None who loves Thee
 Finds Thee fail him :
 Lord of Life, Thy powers avail him !

O praise to Him Who came to save,
 Who conquered death and burst the grave !
 Each day new praise resoundeth
 To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,
 The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,
 Whose grace for aye aboundeth !
 Sing, ye Heavens,
 Tell the story
 Of His glory,
 Till His praises
 Flood with light earth's darkest places !

12.

O GOD! Thou faithful God,
 Thou Fountain ever flowing,
 Without Whom nothing is,
 All perfect gifts bestowing ;
 A pure and healthy frame
 O give me, and within
 A conscience free from blame,
 A soul unhurt by sin !

And grant me, Lord ! to do,
 With ready heart and willing,
 Whate'er Thou shalt command,
 My calling here fulfilling,
 And do it when I ought,
 With all my strength ; and bless
 The work I thus have wrought,
 For Thou must give success !

If dangers gather round,
 Still keep me calm and fearless ;
 Help me to bear the cross
 When life is dark and cheerless ;
 To overcome my foe
 With words and actions kind ;
 When counsel I would know,
 Good counsel let me find !

And when the Day is come,
 And all the dead are waking,
 O reach me down Thy Hand,
 Thyself my slumbers breaking !
 Then let me hear Thy Voice,
 And change this earthly frame,
 And bid me aye rejoice
 With those who love Thy Name !

13.

NOW let us loudly
 Praise God, the Merciful !
 Christendom proudly
 Tells of His glorious rule :
 Gently He bids us come before Him ;
 Haste then, ye peoples, and now adore Him !

For the Lord reigneth
 Over the Universe ;
 All He sustaineth,
 All things His praise rehearse ;
 The Host of Angels round Him dwelling,
 Psalter and harp of His praise are telling.

Richly he feeds us,
 Always and everywhere ;
 Gently He leads us
 With a true Father's care :
 The late and early rains He sends us ;
 Daily His blessing, His love attends us.

Sing we His praises
 Who is thus merciful !
 Christendom raises
 Songs to His glorious rule :
 Rejoice ! no foe shall now alarm us ;
 He will protect us, and who can harm us ?

14.

IN Thee is gladness
 Amid all sadness,
 Jesus, Sunshine of my heart !
 Our souls Thou wakest,
 Our bonds Thou breakest ;
 Who trusts Thee surely hath built securely,
 He stands for ever : Hallelujah !
 By Thee are given the gifts of Heaven,
 Thou the true Redeemer art !
 Our hearts are pining to see Thy shining,
 Dying or living to Thee are cleaving ;
 Nought can us sever : Hallelujah !
 If He is ours,
 We fear no powers,
 Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death ;
 He sees and blesses
 In worst distresses ;
 He can change them with a breath !
 Wherefore the story tell of His Glory
 With heart and voices ; all Heaven rejoices
 In Him for ever : Hallelujah !
 We shout for gladness, triumph o'er sadness,
 Love Thee and praise Thee, and still shall raise Thee
 Glad hymns for ever : Hallelujah !

15. JERUSALEM, thou City fair and high,
 Would God I were in thee !
 My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
 It will not stay with me :
 Far over vale and mountain,
 Far over field and plain,
 It hastes to seek its Fountain,
 And quit this world of pain.
- O happy day, and happy, happy hour,
 When wilt thou come at last ?
 When fearless to my Father's love and power,
 Whose promise standeth fast,
 My soul I gladly render,
 For surely will His hand
 Lead it with guidance tender
 To Heaven its Fatherland.
- And when within that lovely Paradise
 At last I safely dwell,
 From out my soul what songs of bliss shall rise,
 What joy my lips shall tell,
 While holy saints are singing
 Hosannas o'er and o'er,
 Pure Hallelujahs ringing
 Around me evermore !
-

16. THE night of agony hath passed ;
 The day of doom hath dawned at last :
 With fainting steps His Cross He bears ;
 Foul taunts and curses meet His ears :
 The Lord of Life is crucified ;
 A felon hangs on either side :
 The people stand beholding.
- The powers of darkness do their worst—
 The nail, the thorn, the torturing thirst :
 Black tempests o'er His spirit break,
 " My God, My God, dost Thou forsake ? "
 " 'Tis finished ! " Lo ! He bows His head ;
 The Saviour of mankind is dead :
 The people stand beholding.

17. **W**AKE! awake! for night is flying;
 The watchmen on the heights are crying:
 Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
 Midnight hears the welcome voices,
 And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
 Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
 The Bridegroom comes, awake!
 Your lamps with gladness take;
 Hallelujah!
 And for his marriage feast prepare,
 For ye must go to meet Him there.
 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 And all her heart with joy is springing;
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
 For her Lord comes down all glorious,
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
 Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord,
 O Jesus, living Word,
 Hallelujah!
 We follow, till the halls we see
 Where Thon hast bid us sup with Thee.

18. **O** SACRED Head, surrounded
 By crown of piercing thorn!
 O bleeding Head, so wounded,
 Reviled, and put to scorn!
 Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
 The glow of life decays;
 Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
 And tremble as they gaze.
 I see Thy strength and vigour
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigour
 Bereaving Thee of life:
 O agony and dying!
 O love to sinners free!
 Jesu! all grace supplying,
 O turn Thy Face on me!
 In this Thy bitter Passion,
 Good Shepherd! think of me
 With Thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be:
 Beneath Thy Cross abiding
 For ever would I rest,
 In Thy dear love confiding,
 And with Thy presence blest!

19. **N**OW thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In Whom His world rejoices ;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day !

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next !

All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him Who reigns
 With them in highest Heaven,
 The One Eternal God,
 Whom earth and Heaven adore ;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore !

20. **W**HEN the Lord recalls the banished,
 Frees the captives all at last,
 Every sorrow will have vanished
 Like a dream when night is past :
 Then shall all our hearts rejoice,
 And, with glad resounding voice,
 We shall praise the Lord Who sought us
 For the freedom He hath wrought us.

Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father !
 Look on us who widely roam,
 And Thy scattered children gather
 In their longed-for promised home :
 Steep and weary is the way,
 Shorten Thou the sultry day !
 Faithful warriors hast Thou found us,
 Let Thy Peace for aye surround us !

In that Peace we reap in gladness
 What was sown in tearful showers ;
 There the fruit of all our sadness
 Ripens, there the palm is ours ;
 There our God upon His throne
 Is our full Reward alone :
 They who all for God surrender
 Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendour.

PRAISE to the Lord ! the Almighty, the King of Creation !
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation !
 All ye who hear,
 Now to His temple draw near,
 Join me in glad adoration !

Praise to the Lord ! Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
 Shelters thee under His wings, yea so gently sustaineth !
 Hast thou not seen
 How thy desires have been
 Granted in what He ordaineth ?

Praise to the Lord ! Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee ;
 Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend Thee :
 Ponder anew
 What the Almighty can do,
 If with His love He befriend Thee !

Praise to the Lord ! O let all that is in me adore Him !
 All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him !
 Let the Amen
 Sound from His people again !
 Gladly for aye we adore Him !



